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BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

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THE LITTLE BOY'S SPEECH!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—My worthy opponents have endeavored to discourage you by telling you of the low price of cotton, but let me entreat you not to stop to look at the dark side of this thing, but go to the—
GREAT BARGAIN HOUSE
And see what a great heap of things they are offering for such a little money. Oil 14c. per gallon, Axle Grease 5c. per box, Candy 10c. per pound, and oh! so many things, but I have not the room here to tell you of.
D. C. BROWN & BRO.

MACHINERY! PROGRESS!
Steam Engines AND Cotton Gins
AND Boilers. Presses.

THE CELEBRATED

SMITH GIN,

With Feeders and Condensers.

THIS GIN partakes of the BEST FEATURES in others, and corrects the DEFECTS in all.

RUBBER AND LEATHER BELTING,

Sold under a positive guarantee that will protect every buyer.

By recent special contracts with Manufacturers we are in shape to compete with the world. All we ask for is a fair opportunity and no favors.

HARDWARE,

CUTLERY,

IMPLEMENTS, &c.,

In such quantity and variety as to give us the lead not only in Anderson but in this State.

DOORS,

SASH,

AND

FINISHED BUILDING LUMBER,

A SPECIALTY.

SULLIVAN HARDWARE CO.

Buggies, Buggies,
BUGGIES!

WE HAVE NOW IN STOCK AND ARRIVING DAILY A LARGE STOCK OF BUGGIES.

Tyson & Jones' Celebrated Buggies,

Made in North Carolina, are the best sold in this market. They are superior in material, style, workmanship and finish to any other make, and present, with their elegant silver mountings, a very neat appearance, besides combining durability and strength with lightness and easy riding qualities. In fact, there cannot be said too much in their praise, and all we ask is for you to come and see them before buying elsewhere.

The well-known Haydock Rice Coil Spring Buggies, Of which we have sold so many during the past two seasons, have given universal satisfaction, and the demand for them is constantly increasing. They are conceded to be the easiest riding Buggies made, and less tiresome for long distance travels than any other. We keep a complete stock of these constantly on hand.

Besides the foregoing we have a variety of other manufactures, and are therefore prepared to suit all classes of trade.

Prices Low and Terms to Suit Purchasers.

We also keep a large assortment of all kinds of—

HARNESS FOR SALE.

Before buying elsewhere be sure and call and examine our stock and prices.

SYLVESTER BLECKLEY COMPANY.

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to C. WARDLAW, School Commissioner, Anderson, S. C.

MEMORY GEMS.

Wrong is wrong, no matter what you believe.
Believing a thing is right does not make it right, even to the one so believing.

The school at Ebenezer is taught by Miss Della Browne. We found everything in good order, and Miss Della faithfully at work. Her pupils seem to be advancing very well. The discipline is good, and indications favorable.

Mr. L. M. Mahaffey had seventy-five pupils present the day we visited his school at Bethany, in Martin Township. He is a real teacher, who is doing a work that will tell wonderfully in the elevation of that vicinity. The people around Bethany are interested in educating their children.

Miss Minerva Drake had sixty-five pupils present the morning we spent with her. She is equal to the emergency, but sixty-five is too many for one teacher. Her work is thorough, and of a very high order. No risk is taken in committing children to her care. She gives them moral and intellectual training both in full measure. We do not remember when we have ever spent a morning more pleasantly.

Mr. R. B. A. Robinson is the master at Mt. Bethel. He has a good opportunity for work, and seems to be using the opportunity. We regret to see a community so full of children not have a school for the full school year. It is a great mistake to depend on summer schools for education. The citizens of Mt. Bethel vicinity are able to pay a good teacher by the year, and we hope to see a good school at this place for the next school year. It is impossible to estimate the benefit of a school to a community.

There will be no white Teachers' Institute in this County this year. We have enjoyed the greatest educational meeting ever held in the State, and without a single cent being taken from the public school fund. It was a great meeting, but cost nothing except the entertainment given by the good people in and around Anderson. Teachers and officers think it best not to have an Institute this year, because it would not be well attended, and we have enjoyed the Teachers' Association, which was such a great success. The colored Institute to be held will cost the County nothing.

The school at Genesee is now without a teacher. Mr. McElroy, who has done such a good, thorough and satisfactory work there, is going to North Carolina. We regret to give up Mr. McElroy. He will be missed, and Anderson County suffers loss in his departure. He is a real teacher, and a man that will be an acquisition to any community. We regret to see him leave, but we commend him and his good wife to the most favorable regard of all good people. He carries with him the good wishes of the School Commissioner, who has been so well pleased with his faithful work and successful efforts.

We would urge the patrons of all the schools to put their school houses in good repair, so that the children and teachers will be comfortable. Also make your arrangements for teachers. Do not wait and just take anybody, but go to work and secure a good teacher just as any business man would secure a good clerk, salesman, book-keeper, &c. It is a most important business with parents to engage a teacher. Do not deal carelessly and loosely with the training and education of your children. Be exceedingly careful in reference to their training. Trust not their future life to just anybody. Protect their training with jealousy. The community, the State, the Church, and God requires this of you.

A man is responsible for not knowing what he might have known. This will fix a dreadful responsibility on some of us. We will not be allowed to plead that we did not know better when we neglected the opportunity to gain such knowledge. When an opportunity once passes it is gone forever. Another may come just like the one past, but it will not be the same opportunity. The young do not fully appreciate this, but they might be taught to realize it nearer than they do. Parents fail to seize the passing privileges and opportunities to educate their children. In some instances they fail to supply their children with sufficient and proper books and papers. A newspaper is an educator. No family should be without one. Children will learn to read with very little help if provided with proper reading matter. That man or woman has a false idea of economy who thinks it does not pay to buy books, (that is good books) and take papers, not too many, but enough. It would be a good Christmas gift or birthday present to send a good paper to your own boy or girl for a year. Such a course would give handsome returns. Parents try it. Subscribe for a paper for your boy or girl, and you will be pleased with the result.

Some Bible Questions for Children.
1. Who first used a saddle as recorded in the Bible?
2. What was the text of our Saviour's first sermon?
3. Who carried a little coat to her son every year?
4. Who had a coat woven without seams?
5. Of whom does the Bible speak of plowing with twelve yoke of oxen?
6. Six women once took a journey which resulted in a wedding; who was the bride and groom?
7. Who prayed, "Give me neither poverty nor riches?"
8. What is the shortest song in the Bible?

—If the scarcity of money causes the low price of cotton, what causes the high price of corn.—*Newberry Observer.*

BILL ARP.

How Time is Destroying Sectional Animosities.

Atlanta Constitution.

It was good to be there. Twenty years ago a re-union of the soldier boys was a lively gathering. They greeted one another with loud hilarity. They joked around with a double quick immensely, and laughed and cheered immensely. Most of the boys were then between thirty and forty, but now they are nearing sixty, and these twenty years make a difference. Rolling years will change a man. Anno Domini will tell. The years are all coming this way, and every one gives us a lick somewhere. I used to think that General Young was the finest looking man in the State, and was getting the best of the fight with old Father Time, but I noticed him at this re-union, and he carried a cane and limped. Old Anno Domini struck him on the hip, they say. Most all of the veterans look like old men. As they sat together in front of the speakers' stand they made a goodly picture, and the picture should have been taken. How solid, how thoughtful, how serene they looked. A consciousness of age done was set in every feature—no shame, no repentance, no fear, no boasting—they went through the fire and were refined. You can tell a veteran when you meet him in the road. It is said that Jerry Simpson, the scotchless statesman, looked upon a gathering of Georgia farmers and said: "My friends, this is the first time in my life that I ever stood up before a native American audience." Where he came from more than half the people are foreigners. If the institution of slavery did our region no other good it did that. It kept the foreigners away and is doing it yet. We are all one people—the descendants of revolutionary sires. Senator Ingalls has been down here and professed conversion. He ought to have been baptized just as soon as he finished that speech as to make his conversion stick. It was such a sudden conversion that our people are dubious. If a northern man will come down here and live while he did not want anybody to have them.

But all the other Yankee school teachers that I ever knew became good, warm-hearted Southern men. Dr. Alonzo Church, the time-honored president of our State college, and Hiram Warner, the chief justice of our supreme Court, were two of them. I have before me now the News-Democrat, of Canton, O., which has a marked letter written by a citizen of that town and State, who says he came to Georgia in 1839, and taught school in Danielsville, Madison County, for two years, and then studied medicine, and in a few years his personal advantage called him back to Ohio, where he is now practicing medicine. But even the two years in Danielsville implanted a love for those people, and his letter is tender and kind concerning the South, and this last spring on his return from Florida he went to Athens and rode horseback from there to Danielsville, eighteen miles, just to see the old place that had lived in his memory for fifty years, and to inquire after his pupils. What devotion, what affection is that to come from a stranger, a northern man who came south with prejudices and went back without them. Strange to say, he did not find a man, woman or child in the village who lived there when he did. He heard of four of his pupils who still live, only four. Sad and lonely he walked about and repeated to himself the old song:

I feel like one who travels alone,
He says he visited the same old court-house, where he used to see Garnett Anderson, presiding and where he heard Toombs and Stephens and Howell Cobb and Bill Yancey speak. He attended the old-time barbecue and heard the band play Old Dan Tucker. He went on hunting with the young men and helped to hold the dogs while the darkeys did down the tree. He defends our people from the slanders that have so long been heaped upon them and says, "My relations to the school and its patrons and the outside public were most pleasant and agreeable. There is a quality of southern blood whether derived from Huguenot or Cavalier which gives them a hospitality unknown in the north—a cordial welcome and a sociality to which we are strangers."

In speaking of slavery he says, "I have seen them sold on the block and at administrators' sales for division, but I never witnessed any such scenes, as are depicted in Uncle Tom's Cabin and kindred works of fiction. The internal suggestions of humanity and self interest were as life in slave as in free territory."

While this happy re-union was going on it occurred to me that it had been about two hundred and forty years since Milton said, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." It has been over one hundred years since Ben Franklin said, "There never was a good war or a bad peace." This seems to be the common verdict of mankind, and yet so long as the devil runs loose there will be war. In fact, I don't know but there would be some if the devil was dead, for we are taught to believe that there is such a thing as original sin, which the devil nurses into total depravity.

Nevertheless, it is our duty to get all the good that we can out of the evil that befalls us. In fact, we would hardly know what good is if there was no evil. We wouldn't enjoy health if there was no sickness. We wouldn't enjoy prosperity if there was no adversity. And so if there had been no war we would have no re-unions of the old soldiers, no pleasant greetings, no camp-fire anecdotes, no thrilling recollections; in fact, we wouldn't be here at all, and there would not be any eloquent speeches, and, worst of all, nothing to eat.

Very frequently we are asked questions by our children or by the youths of this generation concerning the war that we cannot answer. How many soldiers did Georgia send to the war? How many were killed in battle ordered in the service? How many have since died? Most of these things are guessed at. Only a few months ago our legislature determined to pension the Confederate widows and the committee had no data to go by and guessed there would be six hundred and fifty, and so they voted them \$100 apiece and appropriated \$65,000 to pay it. But most of the committee were young men who did not know how long a Confederate widow lived, especially if she lived in Carroll County. They say now that over four thousand have been heard from and 140 of them are from Carroll and only half the county heard from.

Now, there was some explanation for this. Those were game women who sent their husbands to the war. "Go and fight, and whip them Yankees," they said. "I'll run the farm and take care of the children till you come back." Game women are like game chickens—they live a long time—and as for Carroll having so many was because Sherman ran all the women and children out of this region, and they just dropped over in Carroll, where there was no railroad and a heap of hiding places, and after the war they were too poor to get back again, and they are there yet.

The trouble that now concerns the legislature is how to get out of the scrape, for they have pensioned these widows \$100 apiece, and it will take half a million dollars a year to pay it.

Now there are some facts that we do not have to guess at. For instance we know that there were sent from Georgia to the war—

66 regiments of infantry numbering.....	56,000
23 battalions of infantry numbering.....	12,000
16 companies of cavalry numbering.....	9,000
64 battalions of cavalry numbering.....	10,000
66 companies of artillery numbering.....	4,000
Making a total of.....	92,000

These were the original volunteers, and there were added to them by recruits, 25,000, making a total of 117,000. Not including the home guards.

Now, this is about one-sixth of all the Confederate army. Georgia showed her faith by her works.

But what proportion of all the soldiers still survive is a question where guessing is in order, but it is a record that over 30,000 of them fell or died during the war, and 4,200 of these died in northern prisons. It is probable that 40,000 have since died, and if that be a fair guess, then about one-third of the Confederate Army still lives. The veterans are passing away very rapidly now, and we see before us many old soldiers who will not attend many more re-unions. We have no pension rolls to tell us from year to year how many have fallen before the reaper. I believe that pension rolls would tell us down here, though they do not seem to show any deaths up north. I was talking to Dr. Headen about it yesterday, and he said the men who lived on pensions and the bounty of the government and had no care or apprehension about food and clothing, did naturally live a long time. Well, that may account for their not dying, but how does it account for the number increasing. They have now about seven hundred thousand on the rolls, just about as many as the Confederacy had soldiers, and their records say they lost about seven hundred thousand during the war. Good gracious, what a record. These veterans helped to do it. They did their full share in swelling these pensions to \$160,000,000 for the year 1891. They ought to be ashamed of themselves for saddling such a debt upon the country.

But they keep opening the pension door wider and wider. A man can now get a pension if he can't see as good or hear as good or walk as good as he used to, provided he will swear that he believes it came about by reason of his service in the war. The Youth's Companion, of Boston, told us not long ago about a man applying for a pension because he had recently cut his foot with an ax that he brought home from the army. And another paper told of a soldier who recently died and had been having three pensions for eleven years. He volunteered as John Thomson, got sick and was discharged; got well again and hired as a substitute, and put his name down as a substitute, and got well again and discharged, and hired again as a substitute with the name of John Thompson, with a P. He soon became an invalid and drew three pensions under three different names, and they never found it out until his widow applied and got things mixed up.

But enough of that. It is all mighty bad, but the good of it is they have to pay more of it than we do, and they are getting awfully tired of it.

Our re-union was of the survivors of the Fortieth Georgia, commanded by Colonel Abda Johnson, and Phillips' Legion, commanded by General William Phillips. Colonel Johnson is dead, but General Phillips was present in the flesh, and looks like he is good for many years to come. It is said that the Fortieth Georgia is the only regiment that never changed its staff officers. The legion was not so fortunate. Excepting the general, the staff was changed many times. Indeed, there were six different lieutenant colonels, four majors and four adjutants. I remember that the Eighth Georgia changed its commander four times, and that Company A, in the First Georgia regulars, that went out under Captain H. D. D. Twigg, changed its captain eleven times during the war. Most of these changes are marked "K. I. B." killed in battle, but some are from resignations and some from promotions and some from transfers. The privates did not change much. Death was their main chance. Sometimes the company fought down to the ragged edge. I heard Captain Neel say yesterday that one company in his regiment fought down to one man, and he had to stack his arms with another company, for one gun won't stand alone. This reminded me of Jonas—poor faithful Jonas—an Israelite, indeed, whom any town boy could slap around before the war and he never resented it. But he joined one of the Rome companies, and never lost a roll call or missed a battle or struggled on a march. I remember that after a hard day's march Colonel

Towers called up his companies to see how many men he had, and when he called for Company I, poor meek-hearted son footed Jonas stepped forward and saluted the colonel. "Where is your company?" said the colonel. Jonas gave another salute and meekly said: "I sh der kompany." He did not go to the war from courage or for glory, but from a sense of duty. That duty he performed.

Six Unlucky Sprees.

One poor man—he is now dead—I know, who was ruined half a dozen times by drink in a very curious and, I believe, unique manner. He was miserable enough about his size, but his penitence never drove him to get drunk. Quite the contrary. Drink ruined him, and yet he was drunk exactly six times during the whole of his life and no more. Most unfortunately these were the very days when he ought not to have got drunk. He had, I believe, a weak and excitable head. As a rule he drank very little. Now the first time that he got drunk was when he was made captain of his school and got a scholarship for the university. He drank champagne and it went to his legs and he met the head master. Result, loss of his place and scholarship. The next time he got drunk was the night before the final examination for his degree. It was of the highest importance to him that he should take a good degree; if he did himself justice he was sure of a good first and of a fellowship. Unfortunately, he got drunk on the very evening when he should have gone sober and ended to bed; the next day he was a wreck and failed altogether. In the end he took a third. After this he renounced scholarship and went into journalism. He did pretty well, writing articles and making a good income and being perfectly steady, though, of course, he had the reputation of the man who had got drunk and lost his first. Then there came a moment when a certain editorial desk was vacant. He knew that it was mentioned for it. He got drunk and was seen by the proprietors in a condition of hot coppers and imbecility. So he failed. He then got engaged to be married.

Will it be believed that he got drunk the very evening before the wedding, and was seen in that condition by the unhappy bride and all her friends? Result: marriage ceremony not performed. So he remained a bachelor. And there was once a lawsuit in which his evidence was all important. He got drunk the day before the case came on. When he went into the box his brains were addled and the case was ruined. Lastly, he got drunk on his birthday—I believe his sixtieth—went home in a pelling rain, took pneumonia and died. "I've only been drunk six times in my life," he lamented, with his latest breath, "and each time it has ruined me. For a tenth part of the penalty that I have paid for these six times most men might have got drunk every night of their lives. If I had it to do all over again I would too." And in this impenitent frame he departed.—*Walter Beasant.*

A Convention of Farmers.

ST. LOUIS, August 18.—The executive committee appointed by the Fort Worth Farmers' Alliance convention, with U. S. Hall, president of the Missouri Alliance, as chairman, has issued a circular to the members of the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union and of the farmers and laborers of the United States, calling a convention of the members of those bodies who are in accord with the resolutions passed at the Fort Worth meeting.

The convention will be held in St. Louis on Sept. 15th next at a period when fall festivities are in full blast, streets illuminated, exposition wide open, and the fair only a few weeks distant. Nearly all the railroads have agreed to make reduced rates for the convention. The basis of representation will be fixed at three delegates from each and every County in the jurisdiction of the National Alliance. All members are cordially invited to take part in making this manifestation of the farmers of this country a grand success. It will be remembered that the resolutions referred to reject the treasury plan and appeal to the farmers to vote against all schemes that would make a loan establishment of the United States Treasury. The circular concludes as follows:

"This meeting will be a protest on part of (lovers of the constitution of the Alliance) against seeing that organization prostituted by a body of men who have no interest in farming and whose love for the organization is limited by the amount of personal gain they can get out of it. This is an effort on the part of conservative members and real farmers of the order to emancipate the Farmers' Alliance from the control of scheming politicians and designing demagogues. That we will succeed in this effort we entertain no doubt."

The letter was signed by U. S. Hall, Chairman, of Hubbard, Mo.; W. S. McAllister, Canton, Miss., and W. L. Sargent, Rayner, Texas.

The brusque and fussy impulse of these days of false impression would rate down all as worthless because one is unworthy. As if there were no notes in sunbeams! Or comets among stars! Or cataraacts in peaceful rivers! Because one remedy professes to do what it never was adapted to do, are all remedies worthless? Because one doctor lets a patient die, are all humbugs? It requires a fine eye and a finer brain to discriminate—to draw the differential line.

"They say" that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Price's Favorite Prescription have cured thousands.

"They say" for a weak system there's nothing better than the "Discovery," and that the "Favorite Prescription" is the hope of debilitated, feeble women who need a restorative tonic and bracing nerve. And here's the proof—

Try one or both. If they don't help you, tell the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., and you get your money back.

The majority of the people live poor in order to die rich; it is a great deal wiser to live rich and die poor.

A Prairie Fire.

All night we have seen a red glow in the northwest. It is a prairie fire but it is miles away. The harvest has been late this year and our wheat is still in shock on the dry stubble. But we have turned thirty furrows about the field—fifteen furrows and fifteen more twenty feet from the first—and burned off the dry grass between. It is an excellent fire-break, although these prairie fires have been known to "jump" greater distances than this.

There is yet no call for worry. The fire is miles from us, there is no wind and for the present, at least, we are safe.

The next day, however, brings a change in the situation. The sun shines like an indistinct fiery ball through a hazy atmosphere. The wind is refreshing—it is growing to a gale and, oh, happy fortune! it drives the fire toward us.

Rains have been plentiful the past summer. The grass everywhere has grown rank and high. But the sun has dried it into tinder and it only awaits the brand to leap into flames of destruction.

See! Those little charred embers that fall about us are like the fire. It is approaching us and the haze grows heavier about the heavens. The sun is a mere flash of yellow in the zenith and we smell the burning grass.

There is no time to be lost. Run! Harness four horses to a breaking plow and let us turn up wider furrows about the house—our home! With a tingling of nerves and a smothered feeling at the throat we begin.

The first furrow is hardly completed when a neighbor with his family and a few household goods piled in the wagon drives past.

"Stop ploughing fire breaks—it is useless—the fire is the worst ever known—there is no fighting it—Logan County is all burned over—fly! fly for your lives."

Our very horses catch the terror of that warning. They rear and plunge and will not pull the plow another inch. Can nothing be done? We look around us in desperation. We can hear the crackling of the fire now, and see the smoke tumbling and writhing in the fierce wind.

But the calamity is at our very door—the air is oppressive hot—we must go. The snorting horses are hitched to the wagon, into which a few odds and ends of the household furniture are thrown, and then—we look around to say farewell to home.

Home! It is a rude, house, built of rough boards and tar-papered on the outside for protection against the wet. A poor place, indeed, but yet we have worked for it and struggled, and toiled and lived in it; it was built with our own hands and sanctified with our own hearts and shall we leave it?

No! Unhitch the horses and tie them securely in the barn; then we will fight to the bitter end.

The flames are close upon us, now, and coming with race-horse speed. Oh, what a wind! Will the fire-breaks protect the wheat field? We have our answer in the next minute when like a huge, gaunt monster, the fire passes an instant to lick its red jaws and then leaps upon the stubble and we see shock after shock of golden grain melt into its capacious maw.

So goes the fruit of one long year's toil in a brief moment—but we have no time to weep for the fire is dangerously near the house.

Then what a battle do we wage! Here, there, at every point, we meet the red demon and fight with the desperation of life and death. Our faces are set, and clothes and hands are burned, but we throw ourselves like madmen into the hottest portions of that seething furnace, and at last we conquer but fall, scorched and lifeless upon the field of battle. Still, our home is saved, and as for the crop that once stood on that blackened field—why mourn for what is gone.

Our hopes must center about the year to come.—*William Wallace Cook in Detroit Free Press.*

Why Senator Irby is Happy.

When a Record reporter "dropped in" at the Capitol to day and entered the ante room of the Governor's office he found quite a notable assemblage gathered in Private Secretary Tompkins's den, swapping yarns that were all wool and a yard wide.

Col. John Lawrence Manning Irby, our farmer representative from Laurens in the United States Senate, was holding down a conspicuous seat at the round table. The Colonel was very exuberant and was chatting merrily away at a 2.40 pace.

"Well, I have good reason to laugh a little and feel gay up," said the Colonel, when some one remarked upon the jubilant expression that played over his face.

"What's the matter?" said one. "You look like you might be drawing your salary from Uncle Sam."

"That's the size of it, friend Tillmanite," said the Colonel, "I've been getting those little checks for some time. They only call for \$416.66 a month, but, you know, it helps to take the hayseed out of an old farmer like me. Shell and Johnston get theirs, too, and we are considerable of a happy trio."

How's This?

We offer one hundred dollars for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, Ohio.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WINT & TUTTAX, Wholesale Druggists,
Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINSMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

—An Arkansas man on his death bed confessed to three murders.

A Famous Suicide.

In these days a murderer or a suicide does not acquire worldly immortality by his crime. But in the good old times, men often acquired everlasting renown by killing others and sometimes one gained "an immortality of fame" by killing himself.

One of the most famous of the old time suicides was Cato, misnamed the philosopher. He is sometimes styled Cato of Utica, because it was at Utica that he killed himself. He was born ninety-five years before Christ, and showed in his youth the austerity of character which had distinguished his illustrious ancestor, Cato the Censor, who was born two hundred and thirty-two years B.C. Like all Romans of rank, he served in the army and was considered a hero in suppressing the insurrection of the slaves, which was excited and led by the gladiator Spartacus.

Like the ancient Cato, he disdained the luxuries usually enjoyed by officers of rank. He refused the rewards for his valor offered him by his commander, and appeared upon the march in dress which differed little from that of a private. When the liberties of Rome were threatened by Caesar, he took service under Pompey; and after his general was slain and Caesar was master of Rome he thought it unbecoming a Roman citizen to continue to live.

He carried out his suicidal intention with singular calmness and resolution. After supper cheerfully with several of his friends, he went into his room where he embraced his son with such unusual tenderness as to awaken the suspicion that he intended to terminate his life. He lay down upon his bed and read for a while Plato's "Dialogue upon the immortality of the soul." When he had finished reading, he looked round and observed that his sword had been taken away. He called for it; and when his son and friends rushed into the room in tears, Cato cried out:

"How long is it since I have lost my senses and my son is become my keeper? Brave and generous son, why do you bind your father's hands, that when Caesar comes he may find me unable to defend myself? Do you imagine that without a sword I cannot end my life? Cannot I destroy myself by holding my breath for some moments, or by striking my head against the wall?"

His son made no reply, but retired weeping, and the sword was at length sent into Cato by a slave. "Now," said he as he drew it, "I am my own master."

When he found himself alone he again took up his book, and when he had once more read the dialogue, he lay down and slept. Toward the dawn of day he took his sword and pressed the point into his body a little below the chest, indicating an extensive though not fatal wound. As he fell he overturned a table, the noise of which gave the alarm. He was found insensible, weltering in his blood.

While the surgeon was dressing the wound, Cato recovered his consciousness, thrust the surgeon from him, tore out his bowels with his hands, and immediately expired.

This perished Cato, misnamed the philosopher, in the forty-eighth year of his age. A glamour was thrown over his suicide by the muse of Addison, who in his tragedy of "Cato" has glorified the self-murderer with the unflattering splendor of his poetical genius.

A Shrewd Artist.

I called on a certain portrait painter in Indianapolis last week. We had gone to school together. Since then he has acquired a national reputation as an artist. I complimented him on his lifelike work. "Yes," he replied, "I suppose it is creditable now, but it was not always so. I remember the first job I ever had. A wealthy lady came to me and wanted a full length portrait painted. I did the best I could, but that was nothing to brag on. When the lady came to look at her picture she gave a cry of disappointment.

"Why, that's not at all like me," she said, 'I shall not take it!'"

I assured her it was a perfect likeness and declared that even her little poodle would recognize it. I am willing to take that risk, she said. I'll take the picture. Later in the day she brought in the canine, and the sagacious little animal, after surveying the portrait for a moment, ran up and licked the painted hand. My lady took the picture without any further objections.

I said the likeness must have been striking, but I said, to deceive the dog. Not necessarily, replied the artist. I took the precaution of rubbing a piece of bologna sausage over the hand before the dog arrived.

Yesterday afternoon about 3 o'clock just before the heavy shower, several gentlemen were sitting in front of a store in West Nashville when one of the party observed a large turkey buzzard that was sailing majestically across the sky, and remarked that if the buzzard did not look out he would get wet. Their attention was thus called to the bird, and all were lazily watching its flight when suddenly, when it was opposite and above them, they were blinded by a flash of lightning, which seemingly exploded on the back of the buzzard. They were astonished somewhat, but recovered themselves and looked for the buzzard, but also the majestic bird was out of sight. All that was left of him